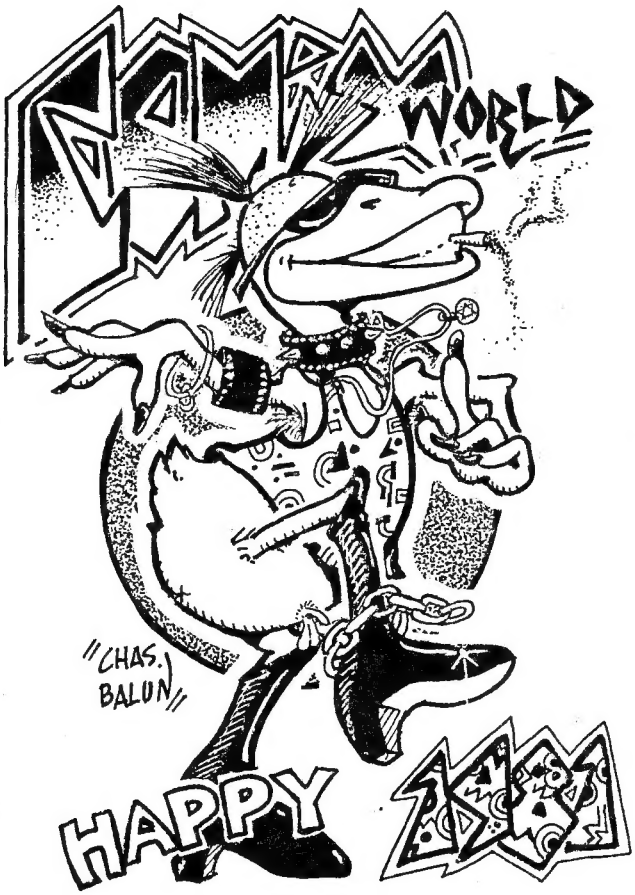
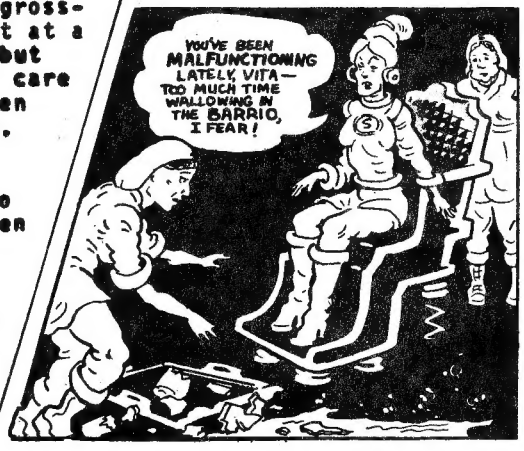


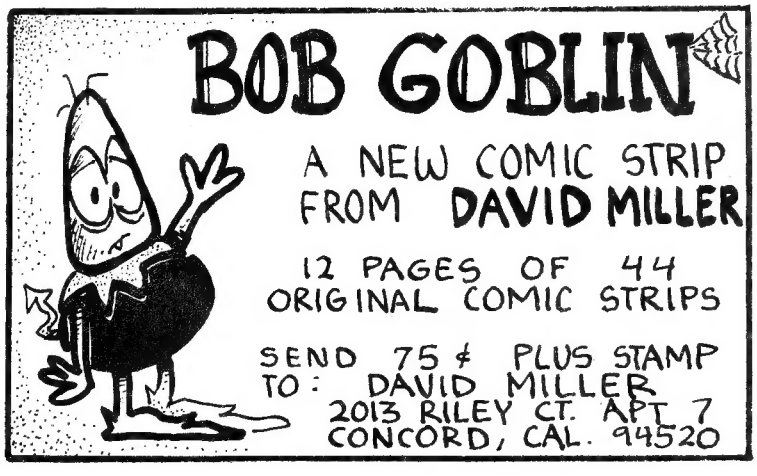
...UH.... WHERE AM I?...
MAJOR MONGREL! DO NOT REMOVE YOUR VISOR, MAJOR MONGREL!
THE VISUAL SPECTRUM IN THIS PLACE IS SUCH THAT YOUR EYES WOULD GO "PAPOIT" WITHIN SECONDS!
I THINK THAT'S "POPARP," SISTER!
IS IT? PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, MY DEAR...

introduced in BIG ASS and HOMEGROWN. Well, Crumb had his say, but he couldn't sustain that level of fantasy anymore than any artist could. That early underground material didn't cost $1.50 to $2. It cost 15¢ to a quarter in the tabs. The first SNATCH sold for two bits. People were into doing things free at that time and the economic motive was not what it is now. In 1968, it was possible to sit down and read all of the existing ugs in one sitting. Today the new reader is confronted with a couple thousand ugs on the racks in the comic stores (in Berkeley--I know most of you have to get yours through the mail). They're all expensive. Where do you start? The current generation, referred to by most as Newave, has been influenced by Crumb and Shelton and Lynch. Hunt Emerson finding a copy of ZAP in England ultimately lead to THUNDERDOGS (see panel above). REID FLEMING: WORLD'S TOUGHEST MILKMAN by Canadian artist

COMIX WORLD 166. © Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved. Subs: $10 for 48, $14 for 24 air to Europe. Logo by Charles Balun.* Someone asked me where all the ugs were, why so few of them were coming out. Not a simple question. I think a lot of the artists have lost their enthusiasm for the form. Many lost it years ago. What was done out of love for awhile is now perfunctory. Ink those pages. Get them to the publisher. It's a few bucks. Only a handful of people ever made a living out of ug comix and most of them were not artists. Let's face it, you get your kicks out of grossing people out at a certain age, but you no longer care about that when you get older. Undergrounds were an outrageous hit to the psyche when they first appeared. No one had ever seen anything like the characters Crumb

David Boswell shows a lot of Bill Griffith influence. Fleming has a lot of the qualities of Zippy.* A cartoonist gains a readership and if he keeps on supplying the same material (as Harold Gray did in Little Orphan Annie) he retains that readership a lifetime. But that audience is not going to accept change. Annie has to be the same Annie. Mr. Sneid has to be a selfish male chauvinist with anal hang-ups. When I hear someone talking about a good old fashioned ug, I know he or she is not talking about Anarchy or Food.* Thought I'd Pass along a preview panel from Sharon Rudahl's CRYSTAL NIGHT.

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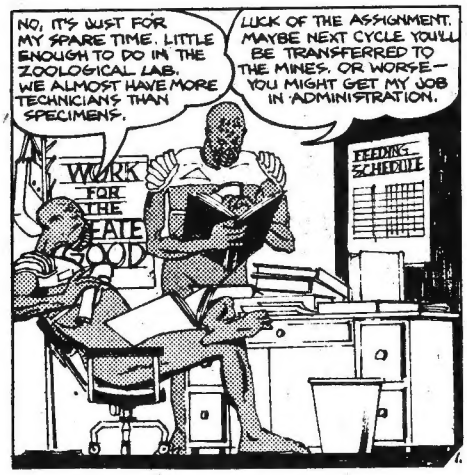
Latest minis from COMIX WORLD: PUPPY HELL and B.F.D. FUNNIES. 50¢/stamp. From Jim Siergey, a 4-pager, THE SELLING OF WALDO AND EMERSON, 50¢/stp, 4135 N. Hermitage, Chicago, IL 60613.* Below, some panels from COMMIES FROM MARS 3. $1.50 from Last Gasp.


NO, IT'S JUST FOR MY SPARE TIME. LITTLE ENOUGH TO DO IN THE ZOOLOGICAL LAB. WE ALMOST HAVE MORE TECHNICIANS THAN SPECIMENS.
LUCK OF THE ASSIGNMENT. MAYBE NEXT CYCLE YOU'LL BE TRANSFERRED TO THE MINES. OR WORSE—YOU MIGHT GET MY JOB IN ADMINISTRATION.
WORK FOR THE FATE GOOD
FEEDING SCHEDULE

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THE LOVE GAME
WRITTEN by BRUCE SWEENEY
DRAWN by VALENTINO.
© 1980 by Valentino-Sweeney.
HEY, PHOEBE, HOW COME WE NEVER GET INTO THOSE HIGH STAKE POKER GAMES?
HENS
URP!
TRASHMAN SAYS NEWAVE CHARACTERS CAN'T HOLD THEIR LIQUOR.
BESIDES, KID, WE'RE TOO BROKE FOR POKER!
YEAH, (SIGH)
I WILL SNORT NO LINE BEFORE IT'S TIME...
SORRY... ONLY ½ A PLATE FOR ME... I'M ON MAINTENANCE!
SNIFF! SNIFF!
CUTE.
CARE FOR SQUID ON A RITZ?!
OOOHH!!! TELL ME... WHO DID YOUR RHINOPLASTY?
GRIND GRIND
GRIND GRIND
"WE WERE JUST STARTIN' TO GET COZY WHEN..."
JUST LOOK AT THOSE LIPS...
JUST LOOK AT THOSE WHISKERS...
AHEM
EXCUSE ME FOR INTERRUPTING YOUR TÊTE-A-TÊTE. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF... THERE ARE THOSE WHO CALL ME -- 'FROSTY THE SNOWMAN', AND THIS IS MY ASSOCIATE, 'MR. POTATO HEAD'.
YEAH, WELL LOOK FROSTY, WHY DON'T YOU GO COOL SOMEBODY'S DRINK OR SOMETHING?
AH, WHAT A PITY... I HAD HOPED YOU MIGHT BE INCLINED TO PARTAKE OF A LITTLE... 'SNOW'?

Above--some preview panels from COCAINE 2. $1.50 from Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant St., San Francisco 94110. Center panel by Chidlaw & Greenwood, bottom: Warren Greenwood's latest Space Dog story.

SOMEWHERE ON THE OUT SKIRTS OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS, THERE APPROACHES...
COMMIES FROM MARS
I WANNA CHEESE BURGER...
..MOTHER FUCKER..
HIX
©S. CLAY-WILSON. NOV. 1980.